

New-York Weekly Museum.

PRINTED and PUBLISHED by HARRISON and PURDY, at their PRINTING-OFFICE, No. 3, PECK-SLIP; where Subscriptions are taken in at *Ten Shillings* per annum; Essays, Articles of Intelligence, Advertisements, &c. are gratefully received.

ASSIZE of BREAD,

Established in Common Council, Dec. 5, 1787.

A Loaf of inspected superfine Wheat Flour, to weigh Two Pounds Five Ounces, for Six-Pence.

A Loaf of Rye Flour, to weigh One Pound Twelve Ounces, for Three Pence.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

LINDOR and LUCINDA;

OR, THE

NECESSITY of a GOOD CHOICE in MARRIAGE.

A letter from a gentleman to his intended wife.

Madam!

NOTHING is more common than the complaints of both the sexes with respect to marriage. From hence it has been too precipitately inferred, that conjugal felicity is a mere chimera. I have often been a witness to these complaints; but I must add with great reluctance, I have always looked upon marriage as the chief source of domestic happiness: I should have been much concerned if experience could have forced me to change my opinion. I have therefore weighed and examined with the greatest precaution the real advantages and disadvantages of the married state, and I have found to my great satisfaction, that the advantages surpass very much the disadvantages; and that if at any time the latter should predominate, it was owing to a bad choice, wherein interest, or a blind passion were only consulted, without the least attention to character, morals, inclination, age, or any thing that could contribute to render such alliance happy.

As we are on the verge of entering this sacred bond, you will permit me Miss to give a concise history of an alliance of this sort, which cannot be surpassed in felicity. It has taken possession of my heart. May Heaven grant that it may prove an artless description of the felicity which awaits us! I have some hopes it will; and in confidence it may I doubt not but that the narrative will be as agreeable to you as to me. I shall make no alteration but in the names.

Lindor was the only son of his parents, whose rank was considerable. Scarce had he finished his education when he lost his father. This misfortune affected him so much, that no other expedient could be conceived to divert his grief than to send him to travel. Lindor was naturally a lover of virtue, his judgment was solid, and his heart uncorrupted. He was particularly industrious in imitating the virtues of those countries through which he passed, without contracting any of their vices. He knew how to blend the affability of the French with the cordiality of the English, and the noble simplicity of the Dutch. With an engaging person, an affable address, an elocution equally instructing and amusing, it was impossible not to be pleasing. When he was more intimately known, he never failed of being esteemed; for his heart was open, generous, and benevolent.

On his return to England, the improvements he had made on his travels rendered him conspicuous. But a happiness more transcendent than mere admiration was to reward his virtue. He met, by chance, with a gentleman with whom he was very intimate at the university. These friendships, when founded on an equality of rank, and a sympathy of souls, are perpetual. Lindor was invited by his friend to his house, and thought it his duty to comply with his request. He was carried by some secret influence to Lucinda, his friend's sister.

A delicate and graceful countenance, a complexion fresh and attracting, the looks of sweetness and modesty, and the smile of ingenuosities, formed the portrait of Lucinda. This charming exterior was attended with a candour, goodness, and affability, which heightened the charms of her person. Lindor saw her, and was captivated. Lucinda was not insensible to the merits of Lindor. Confidence is the inseparable companion of virtuous sentiment; natural instinct invincibly attracts the hearts of the good, and persuades them to unite. Lindor took his leave of Lucinda, and promised to see her again.

After a short time he fulfilled his promise. Lucinda was reading by herself, and her eyes were moistened with tears. She was ashamed of being surprised in this condition. She shut the book, and turned aside to wipe away her tears, the charming proofs of the tenderness and goodness of her heart. Lindor begged pardon for his intrusion, and seemed affected with her tears; but resuming at length an air of gaiety, rallied her upon her excessive tenderness, and declared his curiosity of knowing the subject which could affect her so much.

"Read it yourself," replied she, "for I cannot begin it again." It was the history of a young lady of great beauty, whom her father was going to marry against her will to a person, who neither was worthy of her love nor esteem. To elude the effects of his tyranny, she eloped in a very obscure night, and made her way to a wood, without a guide, friends, or succour, and left at large to the care of Providence. Her beauty, virtue, lamentations, and cruel situation, were represented in so forcible and pathetic a manner, that Lindor had scarce read two pages before he found his tears run down his cheeks in spite of him. He blushed. Lucinda was affected, and her tears gushed out afresh. She looked on this circumstance as a strong proof of the similarity of their affections. "His heart resembles my own," said she to herself. From this period she thought him more amiable than ever, and more deserving of her affection. The following accident gives still a greater heightening to his charms.

Lucinda and some friends were invited to dine on board a ship in the river. Lindor accompanied Lucinda thither, who took her brother with her, a fine boy between nine and ten years old. The air was calm and sultry. They dined on deck under an Indian pavilion. After dinner they desecrated a fine barge coming to them. Every one rose up to take a better view of it. The boy was the first who endeavoured to go on board it, and

his foot slipping, fell into the water. Every one on board was in great consternation, and Lindor jumped into the river to save his mistress's brother. He caught hold of him, and swam as well as he could towards the barge. The watermen immediately made towards them as fast as their oars would permit them, and took them both on board. The grief which had been excited by fear was soon changed into joy and admiration. Who can describe the condition of Lucinda? Her brother ready to perish! her lover and her brother struggling together in the waves! her lover and her brother free from danger! She kissed and caressed her young brother, and cast a look of tenderness towards her generous lover. Pity, love, and gratitude were visible upon her countenance.

From that hour their whole study was to hasten their union. Their parents longed for it. Their Marriage was solemnized a short time afterwards. They have loved each other for twenty years; they love each other more and more. Their affection, instead of growing weaker, becomes stronger by time. The twenty years they have lived together seem no more than a day. What tenderness, what regard, what complacency do they shew to each other! They seem to have but one soul, and one will between them! Their children inherit their virtues, and are as good and as amiable as themselves. Happy husband! Happy parents! Happy children!

This, Miss, the greatest felicity mortals can enjoy below, is, that which is caused by a marriage formed under the auspices of love and virtue. Let not therefore these couples which are discontented impute a misfortune to their condition, which they might have avoided by a better choice, and less interested views. And let not us, whom love and virtue are going to unite, be apprehensive of a fate like theirs. O love! O virtue! reign for ever in my heart; reign for ever in the heart of one, whom I esteem most dear. Both of them have inspired us with the same views, and will constitute our happiness.

I have the honour to be, &c.

S. T.

THE DELINEATOR, NUMBER XIII.

"Of all the tyrannies on human kind,
"The worst is that which persecutes the mind.
"Let us but weigh at what offence we strike;
"Tis but because we cannot think alike.
"In punishing of this we overthrow
"The laws of Nations, and of Nature too."

AND what does all this violence, this warfare avail? Only to compel men into an unity of opinion in matters of Religion, which the experience of all ages has shewn to be both unsafe and impracticable. 'Tis a vain imagination to think, that Religion can be imposed on men; or that we can bind their understandings and their wills with the same fetters we do their bodies. Did Religion consist only in external conformities, external violence might then be sufficient to answer

the purpose; but 'tis seated far within, in those faculties, to which outward force can have no access. 'Tis conviction, then, and not constraint, that must gain the conquest.

Computation in matters of opinion, is so far from answering its purpose, that it is rather more apt to disappoint its own end, by rendering men obstinate, even in error; for it is not in our power to alter our sentiments, whenever we have a mind to it, not even when we most sincerely wish to do so. 'Twere a blessed philosophy, indeed, that could teach us such a mastery over our minds; we should never then labour under the gout or stone, if we could *suppose* ourselves at ease; nor lament the confinement of a gaol, or the restraint of the galleys, while we might be able to recover our liberty, by only *imagining* ourselves to be free. Force, then, may render a person a hypocrite, but it must be conviction that renders him a convert.

The Heathen world, to our disgrace and reproach, lived quietly together, without any strife or war of opinions, in matters of Religion: for tho' their several cities professed the worship of several deities, yet we read not of any pious wars or crusades among them, on account of that diversity. The poets have made their Gods engage in factions and bloody strife, for Nations; but Nations never performed such Knight-errantry for them again.

This quiet and happiness, which, to the shame and scandal of the *Christian* name, was enjoyed for above four thousand years among the *Heathen*, continued so long and so uninterrupted, because every man, following the rule of his own judgment, allowed the same liberties to others which he found the benefit of himself. The articles of faith and modes of worship, they left to every one's own belief, philosophy and conscience, because those *related only to the persons themselves*; but the moral law, all mankind being unanimous in, an uniformity of practice was here enacted, because an error in this point *might operate to the injury of others*. Nay, even the Stoics themselves, though they enslaved the will, durst never attempt any violence upon the understanding.

How different has been the state of this matter among *Christians*! The least disputed tenet sets them together by the ears, and they stigmatize one another with the blackest characters, and most opprobrious terms; which evil spirit extends itself to the most shocking persecutions, whenever bigots get the power into their hands. For when people once come to separate, and form themselves into distinct sects, they always confine their affections and good-will to those of their own party, and look with a scornful and malignant aspect upon all the rest of mankind.

Those who are not within the pale of their church, they never consider as falling within the sphere of their *charity*; thinking it not to be any part of their duty, to commiserate or relieve the wants of the *unregenerate*: as the poet describes the Jewish Fanatics,

*Non monstrare vias eadem nisi sacra colenti,
Quasium ad fontem solos deducere Verpos.*

They would not even point out the way to any but a *circumcised brother*, nor bestow a cup of water upon a thirsty *Samaritan*. And thus, according to Hudibras,

*Do all Religions flock together,
Like tame and wild-fowl of a feather.*

MAXIMS and REFLECTIONS, recommended to the Consideration of the LADIES.

XXXIII. THE woman who ventures to do any thing extraordinary, ought

to suppose the balance is equally poised whether she receives praise or blame. It is chance alone which makes either scale preponderate.

XXXIV. There may be some pleasure in flying society, but there is always a very severe mortification in seeing society fly from us.

XXXV. Love is an intellectual pleasure, and even the senses will be weakly affected, when the heart is silent.

XXXVI. Two persons, at once delicate and sensible, united by friendship, by taste, by a conformity of sentiment, by that lively, ardent, tender, inclination which alone deserves the name of love, will find happiness in marriage which is in vain sought in any other kind of attachment.

XXXVII. The vulgar of every rank expect happiness where it is not to be found; in the ideal advantages of splendor and dissipation: those who dare to think, those minds who partake of the celestial fire, seek it in the real, solid pleasures of natural and soft affections.

XXXVIII. The man who from vanity, or perhaps only to amuse an idle hour, can appear to be attached where he is not, and by that means seduce the heart of a deserving woman, or indeed of any woman, falls very little short in baseness of him who practises a greater degree of seduction.

THE FOOL, NUMBER V.

"To be Poor, and to seem Poor is the Devil."

THIS is an old saying and the truth of it is confirmed by every day's experience. If a man therefore happens not to be one of dame Fortunes favourites, if he feels himself in circumstances too narrow to suffer him to make an appearance equal to his wishes, he has nothing to do but to conceal his poverty under the mask of singularity, and to encourage the world to believe, by the whole turn of his behaviour, that his appearance is not from necessity but choice. In short, by a proper management of his affected singularities, a poor man may contrive to be well; received let him only put himself off for a Miser, and he may not only be well received, but courted and caressed. The Miser indeed is a character sufficiently contemptible in the eyes of all sensible people; but the Miser will always secure respect, by his real or supposed weight of metal. It is poverty alone which lowers a man in the eyes of all the people; when a man is known to be as poor as he appears, he may as well hope to square the circle as to be respected.

William Wiseman is as poor as a church rat, but he has the art to pass for a rich man; not by his appearance for that is hardly decent, but by his conversation and behaviour. No man has a higher relish for the *pomps and vanities of this wicked world*, than Will; but as he cannot enjoy them in his own way, he prudently affects to despise them, and with his little income, which is just enough for his subsistence, meets with a deference and attention which he never would receive, if the strength, or rather weakness of his pocket was discovered. Will, in the character of a warm, close fitted, niggardly fellow, who grudges himself almost the necessities of life, finds a very flattering reception wherever he goes, and is invited to tables by people, who if they knew his real situation, would not take any notice of him. Will laughs in his sleeve at his impositions on the public, which are surely venial ones, as he gains most of the advantages he wishes by them, without injuring any of his fellow creatures.

November 17, 1788.

Foreign Intelligence.

VIENNA, August 27.

The last letters from the Bannat advise, that the Emperor arrived at Welskirchen on the 20th inst. Whilst his Imperial Majesty was on his march, the Turks made strong efforts to penetrate into the heart of that province. They attacked a defile, called the Veteranishe Hole, with great fury, made themselves master of an advanced post, and put to the sword two divisions of Brechainville's regiment of foot, giving quarter neither to officers nor soldiers. They made several unsuccessful attempts to carry the principal post, but were always beat back with great loss. This however appeared to be only a secondary object with them. Their principal one was to drive General Wartenleben from the heights where his corps was advantageously posted near Meadia. For that purpose the Seraskier of Georgia was detached, on the 17th inst. with a corps of 16,000 men, mostly Spahis, to attack that General, whose force consisted of about 8,000 men. The action began early in the morning, and was so ill conducted on the part of the Turks, that the Austrian infantry (from behind their redoubts) had little else to do than to mow down the Turkish ranks, as they rashly advanced within the reach of grape-shot. To this carnage they exposed themselves repeatedly, during the course of the day, but without ever making the smallest impression on the Austrian line. At length, between five and six o'clock in the evening, they retreated, but were not pursued by the Imperialists, who chuse not to quit their advantageous position, to follow the enemy into the plain.

LONDON, September 10.

The present siege of Oczakow by the Russians, is one of the most dreadful ever known. The bombardment was so well directed, that several parts of that large city was on fire at the same time. Whether it was through fear, inexperience, or want of proper conveniences, that no attempt was made to quell the fire, but it raged with the greatest fury for three days. The whole town is nearly down, and the inhabitants are obliged to lodge in the hospital.

The fleet of the Captain Pacha, in the Black Sea, is totally ruined for the present campaign; nor will it be able to make the least resistance. The destruction in the three engagements with the Russians, on the part of the Turks, amounts to 100 vessels, sunk, or taken.

The three Russian men of war of 100 guns are arrived off Cottenburgh. The frigates remain at Copenhagen.

The disturbances at Bruxelles has spread to the city of Antwerp, where they have arrived to an alarming height. On the 5th instant, an officer, walking across the market-place, was attacked by some insurgents with large stones. The military feeling themselves involved in this affront, assembled with their arms, to the amount of 300, and formed a square. The mob attacked them with a hue and cry, when the commanding officer ordered them to fire. Sixteen Burghers were killed on the spot, twenty-seven sent to the hospital mortally wounded, and about fifty spectators hurt in a most dangerous manner.

Admiral Greig's account of his engagement with the Swedish fleet, is highly creditable to his gallantry. He very honestly confesses that he was superior in point of force to the enemy; and that he has little to boast of in the action. He bears handsome testimony to the courage and skill of the

enemy, and confesses, that the capture of the vessel he took was hard won. The 70 gun ship of the Swedes lay for one hour along-side the Rostislaw, of 100 guns, and that after she had a severe conflict with the Wicheslen, of 66 guns.

A very unwelcome piece of news has been received from Naples; some dispute having arisen between the King and Queen, relative to a demand the latter made of some troops and money for her brother the Emperor; she proceeded to some indiscreet violence, which has occasioned her to be shut up in a Convent.

American Intelligence.

ELIZABETH-TOWN, Nov. 12.

A short time previous to last August term, one Shappee, an inhabitant of Minisink, and deputy sheriff to Win. Keer, Esq. high sheriff of Suffolk county, served a writ on one Nehemiah Patterson, of Ulster county in the State of New-York, and let him go on his promising to attend the ensuing court at Newtown; but it seems he did not comply with his promise, and in excuse alledged, that the inundation of the water in the Naviging river prevented. Shappee, enraged at what he supposed an abuse, determined on revenge, and an opportunity soon offering he satiated it with his blood.—The following are the circumstances of the dreadful catastrophe. Mr. Patterson's wife being seized with a billious complaint, which threatened her life, he went to call a physician, when passing the house of Shappee, he called him, and ordered him, in a very peremptory tone, to surrender himself up and go to gaol with him; but the other refused, when, after some altercation, Shappee seized an axe and threw it at him, then laid hold of a pistol, and snapped it at Mr. P. which did not do any damage, as his wife had previously taken the precaution to throw away the priming; but as if intent on blood, he then went into his house, took a musket, discharged it at Patterson, and lodged the contents in his arm, which proved mortal, and he expired on the third day after. An inquest sat on the body. Verdict—"Man's Slaughter." As this is not the first instance of hacks in office wantonly taking the lives of people, it is hoped he will receive the reward due to his demerit.

NEW-YORK, NOVEMBER 22.

From a Boston paper, of Nov. 13.

Capt. Bennison, in the sloop Ranger, bound from St. Johns to New-York, having on board 55 souls, amongst whom were 30 women and children, met with a severe gale of wind on the 11th of October, in which she overset, and lay on her beam ends for half an hour, when they cut away her mast in order to right her, but as the ballast was shifted, she did not right for a considerable time. During their situation she lost one man, and stove in her companion doors, which let in so much water that it destroyed all the bread and provisions, and the rolling of the vessel stove the water casks, so that they were in the greatest distress for the want of that article, besides being destitute of a lodging, as their goods and clothes were torn and jammed to pieces under the ballast; the women and children were frequently under the water, of which the vessel had taken in so much that they remained in this situation until the morning, when the gale abated. Having lost all their rigging, sails and spars, they ripped open their bed-ticks, and sewed them together; these, with some sheets, made something like a sail, which they hoisted on an oar with some bed-cords. They con-

tinued in this situation till the 14th when two schooners and a brig spoke with them, but could not give them any assistance. On the 16th Capt. George Sands of the snow Salter, spoke with them and gave them a studding-sail, two small spars, two gallons of rum, and twenty gallons of water.

On the 20th, Captain William Worth, in the schooner Friendship, from New-York, bound to Narraguagus, fell in with them, and took on board all that wished to leave the wreck; which were 32 souls, and supplied those who remained, with provisions, water, and every thing else in his power: the vessels parted from each other about sunset, 15 leagues N. E. from Cape Ann. About 8 o'clock the same evening, a severe gale of wind overtook Captain Worth, and blew with such violence that his vessel could not carry any sail, and he accordingly hove too, and made so great a drift that his vessel would undoubtedly have gone ashore had not both masts been cut away, and both anchors let go. The next day the gale abated, when they rigged jury masts, and hoisted what sails they had saved, and providentially arrived in Narraguagus in 48 hours, where they remained until the 6th of November, when Mr. Ebenezer Smith, procured them a passage to this port. They arrived here last Saturday. We are informed Capt. Bennison escaped being lost by getting under the lee of some islands, and lashing 15 grindstones together which served as an anchor.

We cannot omit (say the passengers who came with Capt. Worth) acknowledging our gratitude to the Captain, for we are sure, under Providence, he was the instrument which saved us, and sincerely wish he may be rewarded for his feeling and humanity.

Extract of a letter from Point Petre, in Guadeloupe, October 8, 1788.

"This port is to be shut up against Americans and English the 20th of this month, but the port of Basseterre is to be opened to them. It is but 50 miles from hence, and the post comes from thence to this place twice a week."

Some idea may be formed of the horrors attending the slaving trade, by the following extracts from 'Observations on a Guinea voyage.'

—The Captain was so feeble that he could not move but was obliged to be carried up and down; yet his illness so far from abating his tyranny, seemed rather to increase it. When in this condition, he has often asked the persons that carried him, whether they could judge of the torment he was in; and being answered no—he has laid hold of their faces, and darting his nails into their cheeks with all his strength; on the persons crying out with pain he would then add with the malignity of a demon, 'that is to give you a taste of what I feel.' He had always a parcel of trade-knives within his reach, which he would also dart at them with ferocity on the most trifling occasions.

The bed of this wretch, which he kept for weeks together, was in one corner of the cabin, and raised to a good height from the deck. To the posts of this bed he would order those to be tied that were to be flogged, so that their faces almost met his, and there he lay, enjoying their agonizing screams, while their flesh was lacerated without mercy; this was a frequent and favourite mode of punishment.

The chief mate whom he brought off the coast died soon; the second mate soon after; their united duties devolved on me. While the latter was in his illness, he got up one night, made a noise, tumbled some things about the half deck, wanted a hammock, and played some other delirious but innocent tricks. The Captain being a little recovered at that time came out and knocked him down. I do not at this time remember the wea-

pon, but I know his head was sadly cut, and bleeding—in short he was beat in a most dreadful manner; and before the morning was dead. This man had not been many weeks on the coast, and left it in remarkable good health.

The cook one day, burnt some meat in the roasting: he was called on that account, and beaten most violently with the flat. He begged and cried for mercy but without effect, until the strength of his persecutor was exhausted. He

MEANS.

A Person endowed with ideas and expressions so refined as *Hipbeshion's* can find graces in a dung-hill. It is a matter of wonder to me, how a genius so aspiring and self-conceited as his, should stoop so low as to follow any examples, be they ever so prevalent. It certainly would have flattered my ambition more to have been the author of some polite address to the fair sex, than barely to enigmatize their names in the news-paper. I should not have troubled you again, had not the young *Hipbeshion* endeavored to ridicule the indelicacy of the expressions and comparisons, but if he will allow himself one moment for consideration, he will find that he is possessed of a great share of vanity, if he thinks his performances merited better.

Yours, &c.

MARVOLLO.

Little-Queen-Street, Nov. 14.

CITY of NEW-YORK, *sc.*
At a COMMON COUNCIL, held on Wednesday, November 19, 1788.

WHEREAS from a list of out-standing Debts, produced by the Treasurer, it appears that considerable sums are due to this corporation; and it being indispensibly necessary that the same should be collected as soon as possible to defray the necessary and public expences of this City.

Ordered, That public notice be given to all persons indebted to this corporation, that unless they make payment to the Treasurer or Chamberlain of this City, without delay, their respective debts will be put into the hands of an Attorney to be prosecuted.

Extract from the minutes,
ROBERT BENSON, Clerk.



Poet's Corner.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

Then seize the glorious golden days,
That fill your cup with joy!
Bid every gay and social scene
Your blissful hours employ.

Oft where the crowded stage invites,
The laughing muses join;
Or woo them while they smile around
Eugenia's laurel'd shrine.

Oft seek the haunts where health and joy
To sportive numbers move;
Or plaintive strains breathe soft desire,
And wake the soul to love.

Yet ah! where'er you bend your way,
Let fair discretion steer
From folly's vain delusive charms,
And passion's wild career.

So when the wintry hours shall come,
When youth and pleasure fly,
Safe shall you ward th' impending storm,
And time's rude blast defy;

Perpetual charms, unfading spring,
In sweet reflection find;
While innocence and virtue bring
A sun-shine to the mind!

THE MORALIST.

A SKETCH OF THE CHARACTER OF A GOOD MAN.

TO be a good man, is not to be, in the limited sense, a righteous man, or a moral man; as the former consists in no more than a just and equitable dealing between man and man; and the latter in a prudent conducting ourselves in life. But it supposes the mind, or soul, to breathe with the warm affections of universal love, in relieving the indigent and distressed, as opportunity and circumstances will admit of; and also the mind to ascend in holy devotion and fervent piety towards God; in adoring and reverencing his divine perfections, in contemplating the wonders of creation & universal Providence, and of his amazing love in the redemption of mankind, by Jesus Christ.

Though the just man's character is commendable, and the moral man's is amiable, yet the good man does not stop here, but goes further; his breast is warm with benevolence and compassion towards mankind; he cultivates in his soul that rich diadem, that Heaven-born virtue, CHARITY: an universal love of and good-will towards men. He is tender of the welfare of others, and endeavours by all possible means to promote it. and if he is so circumstanced in the world as to be possessed of power, he is the patron, protector, and encourager of virtue or religion. If possessed of knowledge, it is his highest delight to instruct the ignorant, and to give advice under perplexing and difficult circumstances. If of riches, he is ready to distribute, and willing to communicate; he retrenches useless pomp and extravagance, and by a regular and prudent management, provides for the relief of the necessitous, esteeming this a much more sublime and noble gratification than the idle amusements and gallantries of a vain, luxurious age. The royal Psalmist saith, "A good man sheweth favour and lendeth; he will guide his affairs with discretion." Further, the good man practises no indirect methods to injure or oppress his fellow creatures; but, on the contrary, is sincere and upright in his dealings, courteous and affable in his behaviour, benevolent and godlike in his actions. His heart leads him to the most disinterested actions, for his study and endeavour how he may be useful, as an individual, and in particular as a member of society. He endeavours always to cultivate a peaceable temper and disposition among mankind. He

practises no methods wilfully, whereby he may incur their just displeasure; but is candid and charitable, not severe or censorious, but will put the most favourable constructions upon the words and actions of others; and many trifles, wherein he may be thought by others too severe, he will give up, for the sake of the peace and tranquility of his neighbours; for his whole aim and endeavour is to live in love and amity with mankind. In a word, he is a lover of every thing that is amiable and praise-worthy, pays not a partial and contracted obedience to religion, but a disinterested and universal one, not only to the moral and negative duties thereof, but even to the positive ones also.

A NECDOTE.

Of the late King of Prussia.

HIS Majesty one morning knocking for his attendants, and no person answering, he opened the chamber door, and found the page in waiting fast asleep, and snoring like a wretchman; he went towards him, with an intent to wake him, but perceiving a letter half way out of his pocket, his Majesty had the curiosity to see the contents. It was a letter from the mother of the young man, thanking him for a part of his wages that he had sent her, whereby she had been much relieved from want and embarrassment, and concluded with telling him, that God would certainly bless him for his filial duty towards his distressed parent. The King having read it, went softly into his chamber, and brought from thence a purse of golden ducats, which, together with the letter, he slid gently into the page's pocket, and entering his chamber again, began to knock so seriously, that the sleeping page was soon roused. "You sleep well," says the King. The page attempted to excuse himself, and in his confusion putting his hand in his pocket, he felt the purse; he drew it out, pale and trembling; looking steadfastly at his Majesty, he burst into tears, not being able to speak a word. "What is the matter with you?" says the King. Ah, sire, (replies the young man, falling on his knees) some person means my destruction, for I know nothing of the money I have just now found in my pocket, nor how it came there. "My friend (says Frederick) God sometimes bestows blessings on us even when asleep. Send the money to your mother, and assure her in my name, that I will take care both of her and you."

Bibles, testaments, spelling-books, Watts's psalms and hymns, ledgers and journals, blank cyphering-books, writing do. sealing wax and wafers, quills, black lead pencils, writing paper, seaman's journals, and a general assortment of BOOKS and STATIONARY, may be had at the Printing-Office, No. 3, Peck-slip.

To be SOLD,

A Likely Negro Wench, capable of doing all kinds of house-work, about 25 years of age.—For particulars, enquire of the Printers.
October 16, 1788.

Printing, in its greatest variety, executed with neatness, accuracy and dispatch.

DERMOT.

New-York, Nov. 10, 1788.

WINTER'S AMUSEMENT.

YE beauteous Nymphs and jovial Swains,
Who, deck'd with youthful bloom,
In gay assemblage meet to grace
Philander's cheerful dome:

Mark how the wintry clouds hang o'er
Yon frowning mountain's brow;
Mark how the rude winds warp the stream,
And rock the leafless bough.

The painted meads and flow'ry lawns
Their wonted pride give o'er;
The feather'd flocks in silence mourn,
Their notes are heard no more;

Save where beneath the lonely shed,
Or desolated thorn,
The red-breast heaves his ruffled plumes,
And tunes his pipe forlorn.

Yet shall the sun's reviving ray
Recall the genial spring,
The painted meads resume their pride,
The feather'd flocks shall sing.

But not to you I mean to return
The pride of gay years;
When pining age with icy hand
His hoary mantle rears.

When once, alas! his churlish blast
Shall your bright spring subdue
I know not what reviving fun
Can e'er that spring renew.